As bombaſt and as lyning to the time:
But more deuout then this our reſpectes,
Haue we not been, and therefore met your Loues,
In their owne faſhyon like a merriment.
Dum. Our letters madame, ſhewed much more then ieſt.
Long. So did our lookes.
Roſa. We did not cote them ſo.
King. Now at the lateſt minute of the houre,
Graunt vs your loues.
Quee. A time me thinkes too ſhort,
To make a world-without-end bargaine in:
No no my Lord, your Grace is periurde much,
Full of deare guiltines, and therefore this,
If for my Loue (as there is no ſuch cauſe)
You will do ought, this ſhall you do for me:
Your oth I will not truſt, but goe with ſpeede
To ſome forlorne and naked Hermytage,
Remote from all the pleaſurs of the world:
There ſtay vntill the twelue Celeſtiall Signes
Haue brought about the annuall reckoning.
If this Auſtere inſociable life,
Change not your offer made in heate of blood.
If froſtes and faſtes, hard lodging, and thin weedes,
Nip not the gaudie bloſſomes of your Loue:
But that it beare this tryall, and laſt Loue,
Then at the expiration of the yeere,
Come challenge me, challenge me by theſe deſertes:
And by this Virgin palme now kiſſing thine,
I wilbe thine: and till that inſtance ſhutt
My wofull ſelfe vp in a mourning houſe,
Rayning the teares of lamentation,
For the remembraunce of my Fathers death.
If this thou do deny, let our handes part,
Neither intiled in the others hart.
King. If this, or more then this, I would denie,
To flatter vp theſe powers of mine with reſt,
The ſodaine hand of death cloſe vp mine eye,
Hence herrite then my hart, is in thy breſt.

Bero.